*Prince.* Faith, tell me now in earneſt, how came *Falſtaffes* Sword ſo hackt?

*Peto.* Why, he hackt it with his Dagger, and ſaid he would ſweare truth out of *England* but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to doe the like.

*Car.* Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſlubber our garments with it, and ſweare it was the blood of true men. I did that I did not this ſeauen yeare before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſes.

*Prin.* O villaine, thou ſtoleſt a cup of Sacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, and yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct haaſt thou for it?

*Bar.* My Lord, doe you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations?

*Prin.* I doe.

*Bar.* What thinke you they portend?

*Prin* Hot Liuers, and cold Purces.

*Bar.* Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

*Enter Falſtaffe.*

*Prin.* No, if rightly taken, Halter. Here comes leane *Iacke*, here comes bare-bone. How now my ſweete creature of Bombaſt, how long is't ago, *Iacke*, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne Knee?

*Fal.* My owne Knee? when I was about thy yeares (*Hal*) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermas thumbe-ring: a plague of ſighing and griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villanous newes abroad, here was ſir *Iohn braby* from your Father: you muſt goe to the Court in the morning. The ſame mad fellow of the *North Percy*, and he of *Wales*, that gaue *Amamon* the Baſtinado, and made *Lucifer* cuckold, and ſwore the *Diuell* his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a welch hooke; what a plague call you him?

*Poin.* O *Glendower.*

*Fal. Owen, Owen*, the ſame, and his Sonne in law *Mortimer*, and old *Northumberland*, and the ſprighly Scot of Scottes *Dowglaſſe*, that runnes a horſe-backe vp a hill perpendicular.

*Prin.* Hee that rides at high ſpeed, and with a Piſtoll killes a Sparrow flying.

*Fal.*



*Falſ.* You haue hit it.

*Prince.* So did he neuer t

*Falſ.* Well, that raſcall h runne.

*Prince.* Why what a raſc running?

*Falſ.* A horſe-backe (ye budge a foote.

*Prin.* Yes *Iacke*, vpon inſ

*Falſ.* I grant ye, vpon in *Mordake*, and a thouſand away by night, thy fathers you may buy Land now as

*Prin.* Then t'is like, if th buffeting hold, wee ſhall b nailes, by the hundreds.

*Fal.* By the Maſſe lad, t good trading that way. But feard? th u being Heire a out three ſuch Enemies aga *Percy*, and that diuell *Glen* doth not thy blood thrill a

*Prin.* Not a whit yfaith:

*Falſ.* Well, thou wilt b thou commeſt to thy Fath anſwere.

*Prince.* Do thou ſtand f the particulars of my life.

*Fal.* Shall I? content: t ger my Scepter, and this C

*Prin.* Thy State is take ter for a leaden Dagger, an tifull bald Crowne.

*Falſ.* Well, and the fir now ſhalt thou be moued. mine eyes looke redde, For I muſt ſpeake in paſſi vaine.

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